

Cold Shower Tuesdays

Bowling For Soup

Her finger traced I love you
In the palm of my hand
That's still the only time
My belly's ever hit the floor like that

Your feet in my lap
We drove the past
Knowing we would turn around again

Tell her I'm not sorry
Mention my Ferrari
Just don't tell her that
I miss her
She wanted in
I wanted out
And that's the last thing we talked about

Remember how our hands matched
Love lines, same size
I guess I should have checked
To see the lifelines were in line

I called on the phone
You still felt alone
And talked about the songs that made you cry

Tell her I'm not sorry
Mention my Ferrari
Just don't tell her that
I miss her
She wanted in
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Campfire cookies
And John Hughes movies
Jr. mints & cold shower Tuesdays
November shivers and rearview mirrors
And the little things like that

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Mention my Ferrari
Just don't tell her that
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And that's the last thing we talked about